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MR. CANNING AT SCHOOL.

LETTER III.

Worth, Sussex, 3 Dec. 1822.

SIR,

THE *title* of this series of Letters has been, and is, the subject of a great deal of talk, in different parts of the country. Some say, it is a very "*impudent thing*;" and ought not to be *suffered*; and, to tell you the truth, if wheat were at 15s. a bushel, I should be afraid of getting a chop on the head for it. Some, however, are of a different opinion. They argue thus: the Ministers who have brought us into this scrape, must be ignorant men; ignorant men ought to be taken to school; Mr. Canning is one of these Ministers; he is, therefore, an ignorant man; he ought, therefore, to be taken to school.

And, add they, who so fit to take him to school as Mr. Cobbett; who, it is now confessed by every one, would, if he had had the matter in his hands, have kept us out of this ruinous scrape?

Besides this, which, however, is not easily refuted, you, as well as most other *mere politicians*, really know very little of the country that you have so much power over. You know the amount of the *taxes*. You know the number and nature of the *troops*, who are at your nod. You know the nature and extent of the power and influence of your different underlings and agents. You know personally bands of fund-dealers and merchants, and master manufacturers. But you know very little of the main part of the people; that is to say, of the feelings of the different classes towards one

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another, or of the manner in which they are affected by your measures; and, of course, you can form nothing like a correct opinion with regard to the consequences to which those measures are likely to lead.

Not to possess this knowledge is *no fault* in you; for you have not had the means of acquiring it in person; and the very nature of the system, which you are bound to endeavour to carry on, makes it impossible for you to obtain the knowledge at second hand. The system is essentially a system of *disguise* and of *expedients*. It is a system that never looks any difficulty in the face. Never grapples with any thing but our liberties. A system, which always resorts to *silencing* measures; and which, when those are of no avail, *stands aghast*; just as it does at this very moment.

A sensible Minister would, if he could, obtain, every day of his life, from the whole nation, an answer to this question, *How are you?* This being impossible, he

must content himself with such information as is obtained bit by bit, and through the means of other persons. In a time like the present, when the very existence of the Government is at stake; when all the elements of some great and fearful change are manifestly brewing up and mixing themselves together; at such a time, it is surely the duty of a Minister to ascertain, by some means or other, the real state of the people.

Now, Sir, it is my intention to give you an account of that state; or, rather, a *specimen*, in this way. I, sometime ago, gave an account of a *Rural Ride* from Kensington to Uphusband, at which latter place I arrived on the 6th of October. Since that time I have moved about occasionally; and am now come to a sort of resting place. I know a good deal more than I should have known if I had remained at Kensington; and I will now do my best to impart that knowledge to you. If you had been *with me* (*horrid thought, is it not?*) this

would have been unnecessary. If you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, you would never again have had tranquil sleep, with any portion of responsibility resting on your head.

RURAL RIDE,

Of 327 miles, in Hampshire, Berkshire, Surrey, and Sussex, between 7th October and 1st December 1822.

Oct. 7 to 10. At Uphusband, a little village in a deep dale, about five miles to the North of Andover, and about three miles to the South of the Hills at *Highclere*. The wheat is sown here, and up, and, as usual, at this time of the year, looks very beautiful. The wages of the labourers brought down to *six shillings a week!* a horrible thing to think of; but, I hear, it is still worse in Wiltshire.

Oct. 11. Went to *Weyhill-fair*, at which I was about 46 years ago, when I rode a little poney, and remember how proud I was

on the occasion; but, I also remember, that my brothers, two out of three of whom were older than I, thought it unfair that my father selected me; and my own reflections upon the occasion have never been forgotten by me.—

The 11th of October is the *Sheep-fair*. About 300,000*l.* used, some few years ago, to be carried home by the sheep-sellers. To-day, less, perhaps, than 70,000*l.* and yet, the *rents* of these sheep-sellers are, perhaps, as high, on an average, as they were then.—

The countenances of the farmers were descriptive of their ruinous state. I never, in all my life, beheld a more mournful scene.

—There is a *horse-fair* upon another part of the Down; and there I saw horses keeping pace in depression with the sheep.—A pretty numerous group of the *tax-eaters* from Andover and the neighbourhood were the only persons that had smiles on their faces. I was struck with a *young farmer* trotting a horse backward and forward to show him off to a

couple of *gentlemen*, who were bargaining for the horse, and one of whom finally purchased him. These *gentlemen* were two of our "*dead-weight*," and the horse was that on which the farmer had pranced in the *Yeomanry Troop*! —Here is a turn of things!—Distress; pressing distress; dread of the bailiffs alone could have made the farmer sell his horse. If he had the firmness to keep the tears out of his eyes, his heart must have paid the penalty. What, then, must have been his feelings, if he reflected, as I did, that the purchase-money for the horse had first gone from his own pocket into that of the *dead-weight*! And, further, that the horse had pranced about for years for the purpose of subduing all opposition to those very measures, which had finally dismounted the owner!—From this dismal scene, a scene formerly so joyous, we set off back to Up-husband pretty early, were overtaken by the rain, and got a pretty good soaking. —The land

along here is very good. This whole country has a chalk bottom; but, in the valley on the right of the hill over which you go from Andover to Weyhill, the chalk lies far from the top, and the soil has few flints in it. It is very much like the land about Malden and Maidstone. —Met with a farmer who said he must be ruined, unless another "*good war*" should come! This is no uncommon notion. They saw high prices *with* war, and they thought that the war was the *cause*.

Oct. 12 to 16. The fair was too dismal for me to go to it again. My sons went two of the days, and their account of the hop-fair was enough to make one gloomy for a month, particularly as my townsmen of *Farnham* were, in this case, amongst the sufferers.—On the 12th I went to dine with and to *harangue* the farmers at *Andover*. Great attention was paid to what I had to say. The crowding to get into the room was a proof of nothing, perhaps, but

curiosity; but, there must have been a *cause* for the curiosity, and that cause would, under the present circumstances, be matter for reflection with a wise government.

Oct. 17. Went to Newbury to dine with and to harangue the farmers. It was a fair-day. It rained so hard that I had to stop at Burghclere to dry my clothes, and to borrow a great coat to keep me dry for the rest of the way; so as not to have to sit in wet clothes. At Newbury the company was not less attentive or less numerous than at Andover. Some one of the tax-eating crew had, I understand, called me an "incendiary." The day is passed for those tricks. They deceive no longer.—Here, at Newbury, I took occasion to notice the base accusation of Dundas, the Member for the County. I stated it as something that I had heard of, and I was proceeding to charge him conditionally, when Mr. TUBB of Shillingford rose from his seat, and said, "I myself, Sir, heard

him say the words."—I had heard of his vile conduct long before; but, I abstained from charging him with it, till an opportunity should offer for doing it in his own county. — After the dinner was over I went back to Burghclere.

Oct. 18 to 20. At Burghclere, one half the time writing, and the other half hare-hunting.

Oct. 21. Went back to Uphusband.

Oct. 22. Went to dine with the farmers at Salisbury, and got back to Uphusband by ten o'clock at night, two hours later than I have been out of bed for a great many months.—In quitting Andover to go to Salisbury (17 miles from each other) you cross the beautiful valley that goes winding down amongst the hills to Stockbridge. You then rise into the open country that very soon becomes a part of that large tract of downs, called Salisbury Plain. You are not in Wiltshire, however, till you are about half the way to Salisbury. You leave Tidworth away to your right,

This is the seat of *Ashton Smith*; and the fine *coursing* that I once saw there I should have called to recollection with pleasure, if I could have forgotten the *hanging of the men at Winchester last Spring for resisting one of this Smith's game-keepers!*—This *Smith's son* and a *Sir John Pollen* are the Members for Andover. They are chosen by the *Corporation*. One of the Corporation, an Attorney, named *Etwell*, is a *Commissioner of the Lottery*, or something in that way.—It would be a curious thing to ascertain how large a portion of the “*public services*” is performed by the *voters in Boroughs and their relations*.—These persons are singularly kind to the nation. They not only choose a large part of the “*representatives of the people*;” but they come in person, or by deputy, and perform a very considerable part of the “*public services*.”—I should like to know how many of them are employed about the *Salt-Tar*, for instance. —A list of these public-spirited

persons might be produced to show the *benefit of the Boroughs*. —Before you get to Salisbury, you cross the valley that brings down a little river from *Amesbury*. It is a very beautiful valley. There is a chain of farm-houses and little churches all the way up it. The farms consist of the land on the flats on each side of the river, running out to a greater or less extent, at different places, towards the hills and downs.—Not far above *Amesbury* is a little village called *Netherhaven*, where I once saw *an acre of hares*.—We were coursing at *Everly*, a few miles off; and, one of the party happening to say, that he had seen *an acre of hares* at *Mr. Hicks Beeche's* at *Netherhaven*, we, who wanted to see the same, or to detect our informant, sent a messenger to beg a day's coursing, which being granted, we went over the next day. *Mr. BEECH* received us very politely. He took us into a wheat stubble close by his paddock; his son took a gallop round, cracking his whip at the same

time; the hares (which were very thickly in sight before) started all over the field, ran into a *flock* like sheep; and we all agreed, that the flock did cover *an acre of ground*.—Mr. Beech had an old greyhound, that I saw lying down in the shrubbery close by the house, while several hares were sitting and skipping about, with just as much confidence as cats sit by a dog in a kitchen or a parlour.—Was this *instinct* in either dog or hares?—Then, mind, this same greyhound went amongst the rest to *course* with us out upon the distant hills and lands; and then he ran as eagerly as the rest, and killed the hares with as little remorse.—Philosophers will talk a long while before they will make men believe, that this was *instinct alone*. I believe that this dog had much more reason than one half of the Cossacks have; and I am sure he had a great deal more than many a Negro that I have seen.—In crossing this valley to go to Salisbury, I thought of Mr. Beech's hares; but, I really have

neither thought of nor seen any *game* with pleasure, since the *hanging of the two men at Winchester*.—If no other man will petition for the repeal of the law, under which those poor fellows suffered, *I will*. But, let us hope, that there will be no need of petitioning. Let us hope, that it will be repealed without any express application for it.—It is curious enough, that laws of this sort should *increase*, while *Sir James Macintosh* is so resolutely bent on "*softening the criminal code!*"

—The company at Salisbury was very numerous; not less than 500 farmers were present. They were very attentive to what I said, and, which rather surprised me, they received very docilely what I said *against squeezing the labourers*.—A *fire*, in a farm-yard, had lately taken place near Salisbury; so that the subject was a *ticklish* one. But it was my very first duty to treat of it, and I was resolved, be the consequence what it might, not to neglect that duty.

Oct. 23 to 26. At Uphusband.—

At this village, which is a great thoroughfare for sheep and pigs, from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire to Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and away to the North and North East, we see many farmers from different parts of the country ; and, if I had had any doubts before, as to the deplorableness of their state, those would now no longer exist. I did, indeed, years ago, prove, that, if we returned to cash-payments without a *reduction of the Debt*, and without a *rectifying of contracts*, the *present race of farmers must be ruined*. But still, when the thing *actually comes*, it astounds one. It is like the death of a friend or relation. We talk of its approach without much emotion. We fortel the *when* without much seeming pain. We know it *must be*. But, when it comes, we forget our fortellings, and feel the calamity as acutely as if we had never expected it. The accounts we hear, daily, and almost hourly, of the families of farmers actually coming to the *parish-book*, are enough to make any body but a

Boroughmonger feel. That species of monster is to be moved by nothing but his own pecuniary sufferings ; and, thank God, the monster is now about to be *reached*. —I hear, from all parts, that the *parsons* are in great *alarm* ! Well they may, if their hearts be too much set upon the treasures of *this world* ; for, I can see no possible way of settling this matter *justly* without resorting to their temporalities. They have long enough been calling upon all the industrious classes for “ *sacrifices for the good of the country*.” The time seems to be come for them to do something in this way themselves. In a short time there will be, because there *can be, no rents*. And, we shall see, whether the landlords will then suffer the parsons to continue to receive a tenth part of the produce of the land ! —In many places the farmers have had the sense and the spirit to *rate* the tithes to the *poor-rates*. This they *ought* to do in all cases, whether the tithes be taken up in kind or not. This, however,

sweats the fire-shovel hat gentleman. It "bothers his wig." He does not know what to think of it. He does not know *who to blame*; and, where a parson finds things not to his mind, the first thing he always does is, to look about for somebody to accuse of sedition and blasphemy. Lawyers always begin, in such cases, to hunt the books, to see if there be no *punishment* to apply. But, the devil of it is, neither of them have *now* any body to *lay on* upon! I always told them, that there would arise an enemy, that would laugh at all their anathemas, informations, dungeons, halters and bayonets.—One positive good has, however, arisen out of the present calamities, and that is, the *parsons* are grown more *humble* than they were. Cheap corn and a good thumping debt have greatly conduced to the producing of the Christian virtue, *humility*, necessary in us all, but doubly necessary in the priesthood.—The parson is now one of the parties who is taking away the landlord's estate

and the farmer's capital. When the farmer's capital is gone, there will be *no rents*; but, without a *law* upon the subject, the parson will still have his tithe, and a tithe upon the *taxes* too, which the land has to bear!—Will the landlords stand this?—No matter. If there be no reform of the Parliament, *they must stand it*. The two sets may, for aught I care, worry each other as long as they please. When the present race of farmers are gone (and that will soon be) the landlord and the parson may settle the matter between them. They will be the only parties interested; and which of them shall devour the other appears to be of little consequence to the rest of the community.—They agreed most cordially in creating the Debt. They went hand in hand in all the measures against the Reformers. They have made, actually made, the very thing that now frightens them, which now menaces them with *total extinction*. They cannot think it unjust, if their prayers be now treated

as the prayers of the Reformers were.

Oct. 27 to 29. At Burghclere. Very nasty weather.—On the 28th the fox-hounds came to throw off at *Penwood*, in this parish. Having heard that *Dundas* would be out with the hounds, I rode to the place of meeting, in order to look him in the face, and to give him an opportunity to notice, on his own peculiar dunghill, what I had said of him at Newbury. He came. I rode up to him and about him; but, *he said not a word*.—The company entered the wood, and I rode back towards my quarters. They found a fox, and quickly lost him. Then they came out of the wood and came back along the road, and met me, and passed me, they as well as I going at a foot pace. I had plenty of time to survey them all well, and to mark their looks. I watched *Dundas's* eyes, but the devil a bit could I get them to turn *my way*.—He is *paid* for the present. We shall see, whether he will go, or send an ambassador, or neither, when I shall be at Reading on the 9th of next month.

Oct. 30.—Set off for London. Went by Alderbridge, Crookham, Brimton, Mortimer, Strath-

field Say, Heckfield Heath, Eversley, Blackwater, and *slept at Oakingham*.—This is, with trifling exceptions, a miserable poor country.—*Burghclere* lies along at the foot of a part of that chain of hills, which, in this part, divide Hampshire from Berkshire. The parish just named is, indeed, in Hampshire, but it forms merely the foot of the Highclere and Kingsclere Hills. These hills, from which you can see all across the country, even to the Isle of Wight, are of *chalk*, and with them, towards the North, ends the chalk.—The soil over which I have come to-day is generally a *stony sand* upon a *bed of gravel*. With the exception of the land just round Crookham and the other villages, nothing can well be poorer or more villainously ugly. It is all first cousin to Hounslow Heath, of which it is, in fact, a continuation to the Westward.—There is a *clay* at the *bottom of the gravel*; so that you have here nasty stagnant pools without fertility of soil. The rushes grow amongst the gravel; sure sign that there is *clay beneath* to hold the water; for, unless there be water *constantly* at their roots, rushes will not grow.—Such, land is, however, good for *oaks* wherever there is soil

enough on the top of the gravel for the oak to get hold, and to send its tap-root down to the clay. The oak is the thing to plant here; and, *therefore*, this whole country contains not one single plantation of oaks! That is to say, as far as I observed. Plenty of *fir*-trees and other rubbish have been recently planted; but, *no oaks*. At *Strathfieldsay* is that everlasting monument of English Wisdom Collective, the *Heir Loom Estate* of the "*greatest Captain of the Age!*" In his peerage it is said, that it was *wholly out of the power* of the nation to reward his services fully; but, that "*she did what she could!*" Well, poor devil! And what could any body ask for more? It was well, however, that she gave what she did while she was *drunk*; for, if she had held her hand *till now*, I am half disposed to think, that her gifts would have been very small.—I can never forget, that we have to pay interest on 50,000*l.* of the money merely owing to the *coxcombery* of the late Mr. *WHITBREAD*, who actually moved that *addition* to one of the grants proposed by the Ministers!—Now, a great part of the grants is in the way of *annuity* or *pension*. It is notorious, that, when the grants were made, the pen-

sions would not purchase more than *a third part* of as much wheat as they will now. The grants, therefore, have been augmented *threefold*. What right, then, has any one to say, that the *labourer's wages* ought to fall, unless he say, that *these pensions ought to be reduced?*—The Hampshire Magistrates, when they were putting forth their *manifesto* about the allowances to labourers, should have noticed these *pensions of the Lord Lieutenant of the County*.—However, *real starvation* cannot be inflicted to any very great extent. The present race of farmers must give way, and the attempts to squeeze rents out of the wages of labour must cease. And the matter will finally rest to be settled by the landlords, parsons, and tax-eaters.—If the landlords choose to give the greatest captain three times as much as was granted to him, why, let him have it. According to all account, he is no *miser* at any rate; and the estates that pass through his hands may, perhaps, be full as well disposed of as they are at present.—Considering the miserable soil I have passed over to-day, I am rather surprised to find *Oakingham* so decent a town. It has a very handsome market-

place, and is by no means an ugly country-town.

Oct. 31. —Set off at daylight and got to Kensington about noon. — On leaving Oakingham for London, you get upon what is called *Windsor Forest*; that is to say, upon as bleak, as barren, and as villanous a heath as ever man set his eyes on.—However, here are *new enclosures* without end. And here are *houses* too, here and there, over the whole of this execrable tract of country.—“What!” Mr. CANNING will say, “will you not allow that the owner of these new enclosures and these houses *know their own interests*? And are not these *improvements*, and are they not a proof of an *addition to the national capital*?” To the first I answer *may be so*: to the two last, *no*. These new enclosures and houses arise out of the beggaring of the parts of the country distant from the vortex of the funds. The farm-houses have long been growing fewer and fewer; the labourer’s houses fewer and fewer; and it is manifest to every man who has eyes to see with, that the villages are regularly wasting away. This is the case all over the parts of the kingdom where the tax-eaters do not haunt. In all the really

agricultural villages and parts of the kingdom, there is a *shocking decay*; a great dilapidation and constant pulling down or falling down of houses. The farm-houses are not so many as they were forty years ago by three-fourths. That is to say, the infernal system of Pitt and his followers has annihilated three parts out of four of the farm houses. The labourer’s houses disappear also. And all the *useful* people become less numerous. While these *speciey sands* and *gravel* near London are enclosed and built on, good lands, in other parts are neglected. These enclosures and buildings are a *waste*; they are means *misapplied*; they are a proof of national decline and not of prosperity. To cultivate and ornament these villanous spots the produce and the population are drawn away from the good lands. There all manner of schemes have been resorted to to get rid of the necessity of *hands*; and, I am quite convinced, that the population, upon the whole, *has not increased, in England, one single soul since I was born*; an opinion that I have often expressed, in support of which I have as often offered arguments, and those arguments have *never been answered*.—As to this rascally heath,

that which has ornamented it has brought misery on millions. The spot is not far distant from the Stock-Jobbing crew. The roads to it are level. They are smooth. The wretches can go to it from the 'Change without any danger to their worthless necks. And thus it is "*vastly improved, Ma'am!*"—A set of men who can look upon this as "*improvement,*" who can regard this as a proof of the "*increased capital of the country,*" are pretty fit, it must be allowed, to get the country out of its present difficulties!—At the end of this blackguard heath you come (on the road to Egham) to a little place called *Sunning Hill*, which is on the Western side of Windsor Park. It is a spot all made into "*grounds*" and gardens by *tax-eaters*. The inhabitants of it have beggared twenty agricultural villages and hamlets.—From this place you go across a corner of Windsor Park, and come out at *Virginia Water*. To Egham is then about two miles.—A much more ugly country than that between Egham and Kensington would with great difficulty be found in England. Flat as a pancake, and, until you come to Hammersmith, the soil is a nasty stony dirt upon a bed of gravel. Hounslow-heath,

which is only a little worse than the general run, is a sample of all that is bad in soil and villanous in look. Yet this is now *enclosed*, and what they call "*cultivated.*" Here is a fresh robbery of villages, hamlets, and farm and labourer's buildings and abodes! But, here is one of those "*vast improvements, Ma'am,*" called *Barracks*. What an "*improvement!*" What an "*addition to the national capital!*" For, mind, *Monsieur de Snip*, the Surrey Norman, actually said, that the *new buildings* ought to be reckoned an *addition to the national capital!* What, *Snip!* Do you pretend that the nation is *richer*, because the means of making this barrack have been *drawn away from the people in taxes?* Mind, *Monsieur le Normand*, the barrack did not drop down from the sky nor spring up out of the earth. It was not created by the unhangd knaves of paper-money. It came *out of the people's labour*; and, when you hear Mr. ELLMAN tell the Committee of 1821, that forty-five years ago, *every man in his parish, brewed his own beer, and that now not one man in that same parish does it*; when you hear this, *Monsieur de Snip*, you might, if you had brains in skull, be

able to estimate the effects of what has produced the barrack. Yet, barracks there must be, or *Gatton* and *Old Sarum* must fall; and the fall of these would break poor Mr. Canning's heart.

Nov. 8. From London to Egham in the evening.

Nov. 9. Started at day-break in a hazy frost, for Reading. The horses manes and ears covered with the hoar before we got across Windsor Park, which appeared to be a blackguard soil, pretty much like Hounslow Heath, only not flat. A very large part of the Park is covered with heath or *rushes*, sure sign of execrable soil. But the roads are such as might have been made by *Solomon*. "A greater than Solomon is here!" some one may exclaim. Of that I know nothing. I am but a traveller; and the roads in this park are beautiful indeed. My servant, whom I brought from amongst the hills and flints of Uphusband, must certainly have thought himself in Paradise as he was going through the Park. If I had told him that the buildings and the labourers' clothes and meals, at Uphusband, were the worse for those pretty roads *with edgings cut to the line*, he would have wondered at me, I dare say. It would, nevertheless, have been perfectly true; and

this is *feelosofee* of a much more useful sort than that which is taught by the Edinburgh Reviewers.—When you get through the Park you come to *Winkfield*, and then (bound for Reading) you go through *Binfield*, which is ten miles from Egham and as many from Reading. At Binfield I stopped to breakfast, at a very nice country inn call the *Stag and Hounds*.—Here you go along on the North border of that villanous tract of country that I passed over in going from Oakingham to Egham. Much of the land even here is but newly enclosed; and, it was really not worth a straw before it was loaded with the fruit of the labour of the people living in the parts of the country distant from the *Fund-Wen*. What injustice! What unnatural changes! Such things cannot be, without producing *convulsion in the end*!—A road as smooth as a die, a real stock-jobber's road, brought us to Reading by eleven o'clock.—We dined at one; and very much pleased I was with the company. I have seldom seen a number of persons assembled together, whose approbation I valued more than that of the company of this day. Last year the prime Minister said, that his speech (the *grand speech*) was rendered

necessary by the "*pains that had been taken, in different parts of the country,*" to persuade the farmers, that the distress had arisen out of the *measures of the government, and not from over-production!* To be sure I had taken some pains to remove that stupid notion about over-production, from the minds of the farmers; but, did the stern-path man succeed in counteracting the effect of my efforts? Not he, indeed. And, after his speech was made, and sent forth cheek by jowl with that of the *sane* Castlereagh of hole-digging memory, the truths inculcated by me were only the more manifest.—This has been a fine meeting at Reading! I feel very proud of it.—The morning was fine for me to ride in, and the rain began as soon as I was housed.—I came on horse-back 40 miles, slept on the road, and finished my harangue at the end of *twenty-two hours* from leaving Kensington; and, I cannot help saying, that is pretty well for "*Old Cobbett.*"—I am delighted with the people that I have seen at Reading. Their kindness to me is nothing in my estimation compared with the sense and spirit which they appear to possess.—It is curious to observe how things have *worked* with me. That com-

bination, that sort of *instinctive* union, which has existed for so many years, amongst *all the parties*, to *keep me down* generally, and particularly, as the *County-Cub* called it, to keep me out of Parliament "*at any rate,*" this combination has led to the present *haranguing system*, which, in some sort, supplies the place of a seat in Parliament. It may be said, indeed, that I have not the honour to sit in the same room with those great Reformers, Lord John Russell, Sir Massey Lopez and his guest, Sir Francis Burdett; but man's happiness here below is never perfect; and there may be, besides, people to believe, that a man ought not to break his heart on account of being shut out of such company, especially when he can find such company as I have this day found at Reading.

Oct. 10. Went from Reading, through Aldermaston for Burghclere. The rain had been very heavy, and the water was a good deal out. Here, on my way, I got upon Crookham Common again, which is a sort of continuation of the wretched country about Oakingham. From Highclere I looked, one day, over the flat towards Marlborough; and I there saw some such rascally

heaths. So that this villanous tract, extends from East to West, with more or less of exceptions, *from Hounslow to Hungerford.* From North to South it extends from Binfield (which cannot be far from the borders of Buckinghamshire) to the South Downs of Hampshire, and terminates somewhere between Liphook and Petersfield, after stretching over Hindhead, which is certainly the most villanous spot that God ever made. Our ancestors do, indeed, seem to have ascribed its formation to another power; for the most celebrated part of it, is called "*the Devil's Punch Bowl.*" In this tract of country there are certainly some very beautiful spots. But these are very few in number, except where the chalk-hills run into the tract. The neighbourhood of Godalming ought hardly to be considered as an exception; for there you are just on the outside of the tract, and begin to enter on the *Weald*; that is to say, clayey woodlands.—All the part of Berkshire, of which I have been recently passing over, if I except the tract from Reading to Crookham, is very bad land and a very ugly country.

Nov. 11. Uphusband *once more*, and, for the sixth time this year, over the North Hampshire Hills,

which, notwithstanding their everlasting flints, I like very much. As you ride along even in a *green lane* the horses' feet make a noise like *hammering*. It seems as if you were riding on a mass of iron. Yet the soil is good, and bears some of the best wheat in England. All these high, and indeed, all chalky lands, are excellent for sheep. But, on the top of some of these hills, there are as fine *meadows* as I ever saw. Pasture richer, perhaps, than that about Swindon in the North of Wiltshire. And the singularity is, that this pasture is on the *very tops* of these lofty hills, from which you can see the Isle of Wight.—There is a stiff loam, in some places twenty feet deep, on a bottom of chalk. Though the grass grows so finely there is no apparent wetness in the land. The *wells* are more than *three hundred feet deep*. The main part of the water, for all uses, comes from the clouds; and, indeed, these are pretty *constant companions* of these chalk hills, which are very often enveloped in clouds and wet, when it is sunshine down at Burghclere or Uphusband.—They manure the land here by digging *wells* in the fields and bringing up the chalk, which they spread about on the land,

and which, being free-chalk, is reduced to powder by the frosts.—A considerable portion of the land is covered with wood; and, as, in the clearing of the land, the clearers followed the good soil, without regard to shape of fields, the forms of the woods are of endless variety, which, added to the never-ceasing inequalities of the surface of the whole, makes this, like all the others of the same description, a very pleasant country.

Nov. 17. Set off from Uphusband for Hambledon.—The first place I had to get to was *Witchurch*. On my way, and at a short distance from Uphusband, down the valley, I went through a village called *Bourne*, which takes its name from the water that runs down this valley. A *bourne*, in the language of our forefathers, seems to be a river, which is, part of the year, *without water*. There is one of these bournes down this pretty valley. It has, generally, no water till towards Spring, and then it runs for several months. It is the same at the *Candovers*, as you go across the downs from Odiham to Winchester.—The little village of *Bourne*, therefore, takes its name from its situation.—Then there are two *Hurstbournes*, one above and one below this village

of Bourne. *Hurst* means, I believe, a wild or open place. There were, doubtless one of those on each side of Bourne; and, when they became villages, the one, above, was called *Up-hurstbourne*, and the one below, *Down-hurstbourne*; which names have become *Uphusband* and *Downhusband*. The lawyers, therefore, who, to the immortal honour of *high-blood* and Norman-descent, are making such a pretty story out for the Lord Chancellor, relative to a Noble Peer who voted for the Bill against the Queen, ought to leave off calling the seat of the noble person *Hursperne*; for it is at Downhurstbourne where he lives, and where he was visited by Dr. Bankhead!—*Witchurch* is a small town, but famous for being the place, where the *paper* has been made for the *Borough-Bank*! I passed by the *mill* on my way to get out upon the Downs to go *Alresford* where I intended to sleep. I hope the time will come, when a monument will be erected where that mill stands, and when, on that monument will be inscribed, *the curse of England*. This spot ought to be held accursed in all time henceforth and for evermore. It has been the spot, from which have sprung more and greater

mischiefs than ever plagued mankind before. However, the evils now appear to be fast recoiling on the merciless authors of them; and, therefore, one beholds this scene of paper-making with a less degree of rage than formerly. My blood used to *boil*, when I thought of the wretches who carried on and supported the system. It does not boil now, when I think of them. The curse, which they intended solely for others, is now falling on themselves; and I smile at their sufferings. Blasphemy! Atheism! Who can be an Atheist, that sees how *justly* these wretches are treated; with what exact measure they are receiving the evils which they inflicted on others for a time, and which they intended to inflict on them for ever! If, indeed, the monsters had *continued to prosper*, one might have been an *Atheist*. The true history of the rise, progress and fall of these monsters, of their *power*, their *crimes* and their *punishment*, will do more than has been done before to put an end to the doubts of those who have doubts upon this subject. — Quitting Witchurch, I went off to the left out of the Winchester-road, got out upon the high-lands, took an “observation,” as the sailors call it, and

off I rode, in a straight line, over hedge and ditch, towards the rising ground between *Stratton Park* and *Micheldever-Wood*; but, before I reached this point, I found some wet meadows and some running water in my way in a little valley running up from the turnpike road to a little place called *West Stratton*. I, therefore, turned to my left, went down to the turnpike, went a little way along it, then turned to my left, went along by *Stratton Park* pales, down *East Stratton-street*, and then on towards the *Grange Park*. — *Stratton Park* is the seat of *SIR THOMAS BARING*, who has here several thousands of acres of land, who has the living of *Micheldever*, to which, I think, *Northington* and *Swallowfield* are joined. Above all, he has *Micheldever Wood*, which, they say, contains a thousand acres, and which is one of the finest oak-woods in England. — This large and very beautiful estate must have belonged to the Church at the time of *Henry the Eighth's* “*reformation*.” It was, I believe, given by him to the family of *Russell*; and, it was, by them, sold to *Sir Francis Baring* about twenty years ago. — Upon the whole, all things considered, the change is for the better. *SIR*

THOMAS BARING would not have moved, nay, he *did not* move, for the pardon of *Lopez*, while he left JOSEPH SWANN in gaol for *four years and a half*, without so much as hinting at SWANN's case.—Yea, verily, I would rather see this estate in the hands of Sir Thomas Baring than in those of *Lopez's* friend. Besides, it seems to be acknowledged that any title is as good as those derived from the old wife-killer. CASTLE-REAGH, when the Whigs talked in a rather rude manner about the sinecure places and pensions, told them, that the title of the sinecure man or woman was *as good as the titles of the Duke of Bedford!* This was *plagiarism*, to be sure; for *Burke* had begun it. He called the Duke the *Leviathan of grants*; and seemed to hint at the propriety of *over-hauling* them a little.—When the Men of Kent petitioned for a “*just* reduction of the National Debt,” Lord John Russell, with that wisdom for which he is renowned, reprobated the prayer; but, having done this in terms not sufficiently unqualified and strong, and having made use of a word of equivocal meaning, the man that cut his own throat at North Cray, pitched on upon him, and told him, that the fundholder

had as much right to his dividends, *as the Duke of Bedford had to his estates.* Upon this the noble reformer and advocate for *Lopez* mended his expressions; and really *said* what the North Cray philosopher *said he ought to say!*—Come, come: Micheldever Wood is in very proper hands!—A little girl, of whom I asked my way down into East Stratton, and who was dressed in a camlet gown, white apron and plaid cloak, (it was Sunday) and who had a book in her hand, told me that Lady Baring gave her the clothes, and had her taught to read and to sing hymns and spiritual songs.—As I came through the Strattons I saw not less than a dozen girls clad in this same way. It is impossible not to believe, that this is done with a good motive; but, it is possible not to believe, that it is productive of good. It *must* create *hypocrites*, and hypocrisy is the great sin of the age. Society is in a *queer* state when the rich think, that they must *educate* the poor in order to insure their *own safety*: for this, at bottom, is the great motive now at work in pushing on the education scheme, though, in this particular case, perhaps, there may be a little enthusiasm at work.—When persons are gluttoned with riches; when

they have their fill of them; when they are surfeited of all earthly pursuits, they are very apt to begin to think about the next world; and, the moment they begin to think of that, they begin to look over the *account* that they shall have to present. Hence the far greater part of what are called "*charities*." But, it is the business of *governments* to take care, that there shall be very little of this *glutting* with riches, and very little need of "*charities*."—From Stratton I went on to Northington Down; then round to the South of the Grange Park (Alex. Baring's,) down to *Abbotston*, and over some pretty little green hills to *Alresford*, which is a nice little town of itself, but which presents a singularly beautiful view from the last little hill coming from Abbotston.—I could not pass by the Grange Park without thinking of *Lord and Lady Henry Stuart*, whose lives and deaths surpassed what we read of in the most sentimental romances. Very few things that I have met with in my life ever filled me with sorrow equal to that which I felt at the death of this most virtuous and most amiable pair.—It began raining soon after I got to *Alresford*, and rained all the evening.—I heard here, that a *Requisition*

for a *County Meeting* was in the course of being signed, in different parts of the county.—They mean to petition for Reform I hope. At any rate, *I intend to go to see what they do*. I saw the *parsons* at the county meeting in 1817. I should like, of all things, to see them at another meeting *now*. These are the persons that I have most steadily in my eye. The war and the debt were for the *tithes* and the *boroughs*. These must stand or fall together now. I always told the *parsons*, that they were the greatest fools in the world to put the *tithes* on board *the same boat* with the *boroughs*. I told them so in 1817; and, I fancy, they will *soon see all about it*.

Nov. 18. Came from *Alresford* to *Hambledon*, through *Tichbourne*, *Cheriton*, *Beauworth*, *Kilmston* and *Exton*. This is all a high, hard, dry, fox-hunting country. Like that, indeed, over which I came yesterday.—At *Tichbourne* there is a *park*, and "great house," as the country-people call it. The place belongs, I believe, to a Sir somebody *Tichbourne*, a family, very likely half as old as the name of the village, which, however, partly takes its name from the *bourne* that runs down the valley.—I thought, as I was riding along-

side of this park, that I had heard good of this family of Tichbourne, and, I therefore saw the park pales with sorrow. There is not more than one pale in a yard, and those that remain and the rails and posts and all seem tumbling down.—This park-paling is perfectly typical of those of the landlords who are *not tax-eaters*. They are wasting away very fast. The tax-eating landlords think to swim out the gale. They are deceived. They are “deluded” by their own greediness.—*Kilmston* was my next place after Tichbourne, but I wanted to go to *Beauworth*, so that I had to go through *Cheriton*; a little, hard, iron village, where all seems to be as old as the hills that surround it. In coming along you see Tichbourne church away to the right, on the side of the hill, a very pretty little view; and this, though such a *hard* country, is a pretty country.—At Cheriton I found a grand camp of *Gipsys* just upon the move towards *Alresford*. I had met some of the *scouts* first, and afterwards the *advanced guard*, and here the main body was getting in motion. One of the scouts that I met was a young woman, who, I am sure, was *six feet high*. There were two or three more in the camp of

about the same height; and some most strapping fellows of men.—It is curious that this race should have preserved their dark skin and coal-black straight and coarse hair, very much like that of the American Indians. I mean the hair, for the skin has nothing of the *copper-colour* as that of the Indians has. It is not, either, of the *Mulatto* cast; that is to say, there is no *yellow* in it. It is a *black* mixed with our English colours of *pale*, or *red*, and the features are small, like those of the girls in *Sussex*, and often singularly pretty. The tall girl that I met at Tichbourne, who had a huckster basket on her arm, had most beautiful features. I pulled up my horse, and said, “Can you tell me my fortune, my dear?” She answered in the negative, giving me a look at the same time, that seemed to say, it was *too late*; and that if I had been thirty years younger, she might have seen a little what she could do with me.—It is, all circumstances considered, truly surprising, that this race should have preserved so perfectly all its distinctive marks.—I came on to *Beauworth* to inquire after the family of a worthy old farmer, whom I knew there some years ago, and of whose death I had heard at *Alresford*. A

bridle road over some fields and through a coppice took me to *Kilmston*, formerly a large village, but now mouldered into two farms, and a few miserable tumble-down houses for the labourers. Here is a house, that was formerly the residence of the landlord of the place, but is now occupied by one of the farmers. This is a fine country for fox-hunting, and *Kilmston* belonged to a Mr. *Ridge*, who was a famous fox-hunter, and who is accused of having spent his fortune in that way. But, what do people mean? He had a right to spend his income, as his fathers had done before him. It was the Pitt-system, and not the fox-hunting, that took away the principal.—The place now belongs to a Mr. *Long*, whose origin I cannot find out.—From *Kilmston* I went right over the Downs to the top of a hill called *Beacon Hill*, which is one of the loftiest hills in the country. Here you can see the Isle of Wight in detail, a fine sweep of the sea; also away into Sussex, and over the New Forest into Dorsetshire. Just below you, to the East, you look down upon the village of *Exton*; and you can see up this valley (which is called a *Bourne* too) as far as *West-Meon*, and down it as far as *Soberton*. *Corhampton*,

Warnford, *Meon-Stoke* and *Drox-ford* come within these two points; so that here are six villages on this bourne within the space of about five miles. On the other side of the main valley, down which the bourne runs, and opposite *Beacon Hill*, is another such a hill, which they call *Old Winchester Hill*. On the top of this hill there was once a camp, or, rather, fortress; and the ramparts are now pretty nearly as visible as ever. The same is to be seen on the *Beacon Hill* at *Highclere*. These ramparts had nothing of the principles of modern fortification in their formation. You see no signs of *salliant angles*. It was a ditch and a bank, and that appears to have been all.—I had, I think, a full mile to go down from the top of *Beacon Hill* to *Exton*. This is the village where that *Parson Baines* lives who, as described by me in 1817, bawled in Lord *Cochrane's* ear at *Winchester* in the month of March of that year. *Parson Poulter* lives at *Meon-Stoke*, which is not a mile further down. So that this valley has something in it besides picturesque views! I asked some countrymen how *Poulter* and *Baines* did; but, their answer contained too much of irreverence for me to give it here.—At *Exton*

I crossed the Gosport turnpike-road, came up the cross valley under the South side of Old Winchester Hill, over Stoke down, then over West-end down, and then to my friend's house at West End in the parish of Hambledon.—Thus have I crossed nearly the whole of this country from the North-West to the South-East, without going five hundred yards on a turnpike road, and, as nearly as I could do it, in a straight line.—The whole country that I have crossed is loam and flints upon a bottom of chalk. At Alresford there are some watered meadows, which are the beginning of a chain of meadows that goes all the way down to Winchester, and thence to Southampton; but, even these meadows have, at Alresford, chalk under them. The water that supplies them comes out of a pond, called Alresford Pond, which is fed from the high hills in the neighbourhood.—These counties are purely agricultural; and they have suffered most cruelly from the accursed Pitt-system. Their hilliness, bleakness, roughness of roads, render them unpleasant to the luxurious, effeminate, tax-eating crew, who never come near them, and who have pared them down to the very bone. The villages

are all in a state of *decay*. The farm-buildings dropping down, bit by bit. The produce is, by a few great farmers, dragged to a few spots, and all the rest is falling into decay. If this infernal system could go on for forty years longer, it would make all the labourers as much slaves as the negroes are, and subject to the same sort of discipline and management.

Nov. 19 to 23, at West End. Hambledon is a long, straggling village, lying in a little valley formed by some very pretty but not lofty hills. The environs are much prettier than the village itself, which is not far from the North side of Portsdown Hill. This must have once been a considerable place; for here is a church pretty nearly as large as that at Farnham in Surrey, which is quite sufficient for a *large town*.—The means of living has been drawn away from these villages, and the people follow the means.—Cheriton and Kilmston and Hambledon and the like have been beggared for the purpose of giving tax-eaters the means of making "*vast improvements* Ma'am" on the villanous spewy gravel of Windsor Forest!—The thing, however, must *go back*. Revolution here or revolution

there: bawl, bellow, alarm as long as the tax-eaters like, *back* the thing must go. Back, indeed, *it is going* in some quarters. Those scenes of glorious loyalty, the sea-port places, are beginning to be deserted. How many villages has that scene of all that is wicked and odious, Portsmouth, Gosport, and Portsea; how many villages has that hellish assemblage beggared! It is now being *scattered itse'f*! Houses which there let for forty or fifty pounds a-year each, now let for three or four shillings a-week each; and *thousands*, perhaps, cannot be let at all to any body capable of paying rent. There is an absolute tumbling down taking place, where, so lately, there were such "*vast improvements Ma'am!*" Does Monsieur de Snip call those improvements, then? Does he insist, that those houses form "*an addition to the national capital?*"—Is it any wonder that a country should be miserable when such notions prevail? And when they can, even in the Parliament, be received with cheering?

Nov. 24 (Sunday). Set off from Hambledon to go to *Thursley* in Surrey, about five miles from *Godalming*. Here I am at Thursley, after as interesting a day as I ever spent in all my life.

They say that "*variety* is charming," and this day I have had of scenes and of soils a variety indeed!—To go to Thursley from Hambledon the plain way was up the Downs to *Petersfield*, and then along the turnpike-road through *Liphook* and over *Hindhead*, at the north-east foot of which Thursley lies. But, I had been over that sweet Hindhead, and had seen too much of turnpike road and of heath, to think of taking another so large a dose of them. The map of Hampshire (and we had none of Surrey) showed me the way to *Headley*, which lies on the West of Hindhead, down upon the flat. I knew it was but about five miles from Headley to Thursley; and, I, therefore, resolved to go to Headley, in spite of all the remonstrances of friends, who represented to me the danger of breaking my neck at *Hawkley* and of getting buried in the bogs of *Woolmer Forest*. My route was through East-Meon, Froxfield, Hawkley, Greatham, and then over *Woolmer Forest* (a *heath* if you please) to Headley.—Off we set over the downs (crossing the bottom sweep of Old Winchester Hill) from West End to *East-Meon*. We came down a long and steep hill that lead us winding round into

the village, which lies in a valley that runs in a direction nearly east and west, and that has a rivulet that comes out of the hills towards Petersfield. If I had not seen any thing further to-day, I should have dwelt long on the beauties of this place. Here is a very fine valley, in nearly an elliptical form, sheltered by high hills sloping gradually from it; and, not far from the middle of this valley there is a hill nearly in the form of a goblet-glass with the foot and stem broken off and turned upside down. And this is clapped down upon the level of the valley, just as you would put such goblet upon a table. The hill is lofty, partly covered with wood, and it gives an air of great singularity to the scene.—I am sure that East Meon has been a *large place*. The church has a *Saxon Tower* pretty nearly equal, as far as I recollect, to that of the Cathedral at Winchester. The rest of the church has been rebuilt, and, perhaps, several times; but the *tower* is complete; it has had a *steeple* put upon it; but, it retains all its beauty, and it shows that the church (which is still large) must, at first, have been a very large building.—Let those, who talk so glibly of the *increase of the population* in England, go over the country from Highclere to Hambledon. Let them look at the size of the churches, and let them observe those *numerous small inclosures* on every side of every village, which had, to a certainty, *each its house* in former times. But, let them go to East-Meon, and account for that church. Where did the hands come from to make it? Look, however, at the downs, the many square miles of downs near this village, *all bearing the marks of the plough*, and all out of tillage for many many years; yet, not one single inch of them but what is vastly superior in quality to any of those great “improvements” on the miserable heaths of Hounslow, Bagshot, and Windsor Forest. It is the destructive, the murderous paper-system, that has transferred the fruit of the labour, and the people along with it, from the different parts of the country to the neighbourhood of the all-devouring *wen*.—I do not believe one word of what is said of the *increase of the population*. All *observation* and all *reason* is against the fact; and, as to the *parliamentary returns*, what need we more than this: that *they* assert, that the population of Great Britain has *increased* from *ten* to *fourteen* millions in the last *twenty*

years!—That is enough! A man that can suck that in will believe, literally believe, that the *moon is made of green cheese*. Such a thing is too monstrous to be swallowed by anybody but Englishmen, and by any Englishmen not brutified by a Pitt-system.

"WILL THERE BE WAR?"

Worth, Sussex, 4th Dec. 1822.

I HAVE been compelled to lay by the remainder of my *Rural Ride*; and, indeed, to break off in the middle of it, in order to address my readers upon the subject of the *war* that appears to be about to take place on the continent of Europe. This war may, in more ways than one or two either, become of *great importance to us*. We ought, therefore, to have our eyes turned towards it. It is a very *curious* affair; but, it is of a nature to awaken something beyond curiosity.

Those who have read the *Statesman*, and have had any thing to do with funds and stocks, may possibly have profited from their reading; for, from the very first, I have taught them to be prepared for war between France and Spain. I should be sorry to find that they had profited from

me; for I wish them all to be *ruined*, and not only ruined, but *destroyed* into the bargain. They are the vermin that eat out the core of the nation; and England never can be happy as long as they exist. Nay, if they continue to exist long, the country must sink down, and become a poor, mean, truckling thing that any power may insult with impunity.

The reader will please to bear in mind, that, at the time when the petition of the Men of Kent was so much abused, I observed to my brother Freeholders of Kent, that it was necessary to *reduce the Debt*, in order that our Government might have the power to go, if necessary, *to war*. The reader will also recollect that, about the time that Castlereagh was reported to be going off to the Continent, just before he cut his throat, I published, in the *Statesman* and in the *Register* also, an article entitled, *State of France*. In that article I showed the *power that France had to go to war*; I gave it as my opinion that she would *soon have the disposition*; and, that she would, by going to war, especially *against us*, unite the nation cordially to the Bourbons. The reader will further recollect that, at Reading, on the 9th of last month, before a rumour

of war had been heard at *Reading*, I actually told the assembled Farmers, this: "To go to war with gold payments is impossible. To return to the paper is downright bankruptcy and confusion. This is the state in which the Government is placed. Of this the Holy Gentlemen are as well informed as we are; and, therefore, it would cause in me no very great surprise, if the Bourbons, unable to obtain the assent of our Ministers, were to invade Spain without it."

Now, though at the very moment that I was speaking at *Reading*, the villains of Stock-Jobbers in London were actually receiving from France news that corresponded with and confirmed these my opinions and expectations, there was nothing of *witchcraft* or *conjunction* or *inspiration* about me, at *Reading*. It was plain common sense applied to a high and most interesting subject; and it has proved to have been correct.

Since the 9th of November, I have written a series of articles for the *Statesman* all tending to cause the reader to expect, 1. *The assent of the Holy Brotherhood to an invasion of Spain by France*; 2. *Such invasion*; 3.

Non-resistance on the part of our Minister. This the public must know well. In maintaining these opinions, I have had, all along, to oppose those of the *Morning Chronicle*, who spoke, in the most positive manner of the information that it possessed; and who, more than once, congratulated its readers on the failure of the endeavours of the French negociators to bring the Brotherhood to consent to the invasion. Upon more than one occasion it praised Mr. CANNING for having thrown his shield over the Peninsula! And, indeed, this was, in substance, the language of the whole of the London press at one time. I kept, however, steadily on, insisting, that France must have a disposition to invade Spain; that the Holy Fellows must wish her to do it; and that our Ministers must be quiet, or give up Gatton and Old Sarum, to give which up would break poor Mr. CANNING's heart.

Now, then, *who was right?* The *Chronicle* itself shall say; and here we have its words of yesterday. I beg my readers to go through the article with attention. It contains interesting matter; and we are probably on the eve of great events connected very closely with the matters treated of in this article.

" *The die is cast.*—We learn,
 " from an authority on which we
 " can rely, that the decision of
 " the Congress of Verona, on the
 " great question for the settle-
 " ment of which it chiefly met,
 " has at length been pronounced.
 " —*Contrary to expectation, con-*
 " trary we believe to the *antici-*
 " pations of the British Cabinet,
 " the claims of the French Go-
 " vernment have been allowed,
 " and *full liberty to make war on*
 " *Spain*, or to remain at peace,
 " has been distinctly conceded to
 " it.—The use which the French
 " Government will make of this
 " liberty is the next question for
 " consideration. It is a question
 " which, however, we fear is not
 " of difficult solution. That Go-
 " vernment seems determined to
 " put an end to the present state
 " of things in Spain. A demand
 " will therefore be made on the
 " Spaniards to substitute a Con-
 " stitution, like that of France,
 " in which the controul over the
 " Executive is altogether illu-
 " sory, to the present Constitu-
 " tion of the Cortes. That that
 " demand will not be listened to
 " one moment cannot be doubted.
 " —The consequence therefore
 " must be the invasion of the
 " Peninsula. A hope may still
 " indeed be entertained that if

" Ministers are serious *they may*
 " *yet succeed in deterring the*
 " *French Government* from taking
 " this hazardous step ; but we con-
 " fess this appears to us a forlorn
 " hope.—The ostensible pretext
 " with the four Despots (England
 " it seems, *does not concur*) for this
 " decision is, the danger to them-
 " selves from the example of
 " successful and prosperous Re-
 " volution. That fear is really
 " entertained by them on this sub-
 " ject we do not at all doubt.
 " But other motives are concern-
 " ed. The power of all others
 " the most secure from free prin-
 " ciples, is the one which has
 " latterly supported the claims
 " of France ; and it is to the in-
 " fluence of *that power* that the
 " determination must chiefly be
 " ascribed. We may hence in-
 " fer that Russia has other ob-
 " jects in view besides the triumph
 " of the Monarchical principle ;
 " and accordingly *The Courier*
 " already points to the movements
 " of the Russian armies towards
 " Turkey. While the eyes of
 " all Europe were directed to-
 " wards Verona, the Russian ar-
 " mies were moving unheeded
 " towards Turkey.—Thus then
 " a war is about to commence
 " which threatens, sooner or la-
 " ter, to involve all Europe. It

" is in fact a war begun on the
 " part of the Despots to rivet
 " more firmly the chains which
 " the battle of Waterloo forged
 " for the nations. They imagine
 " they have now sufficient strength
 " to secure for ever their con-
 " quest, and to reduce the people
 " to a state of hopeless and per-
 " petual bondage.—We confess
 " we had hopes that the struggle
 " would at this time have been
 " averted. We imagined that Mi-
 " nisters—in spite of the deadly
 " hatred to liberty which they bear
 " in their hearts—awed by the
 " consequences which might result
 " from such a war to the national
 " interests—alarmed at the pre-
 " ponderance which it might give
 " to powers jealous of our supe-
 " rior wealth and industry, and
 " capable of using it to our de-
 " struction—would labour to put
 " off the evil day; and *we ima-*
 " *gined also, that their efforts*
 " *would have been more successful.*
 " But matters have now either
 " come to that pass that the Despots
 " of the Continent deem England
 " so far *declined from her ancient*
 " *importance* as to be incapable of
 " interposing any obstacle to them,
 " or Ministers under the mask
 " of neutrality secretly favour their
 " views, and are really embarked
 " in a common cause with them,

" though circumstances may im-
 " pose on them for a time the
 " *necessity of dissimulation.* If we
 " were to take *The Courier* as their
 " organ, we should say without
 " hesitation, that the latter is the
 " part which Ministers are play-
 " ing. — 'It is idle,' says *The*
 " *Courier*, in an article, which we
 " have quoted at length—'It is
 " idle to say, that Spain has not
 " given the French Government a
 " right to interfere, and support
 " the Royalists, who demand a
 " Constitution, that shall be in
 " fact, not in form, in deeds, not in
 " words, *Monarchial.*' The in-
 " telligence in this day's *Courier*,
 " shows the extremities to which
 " the army of the Faith is re-
 " duced, and the necessity of
 " a speedy and powerful inter-
 " vention in their favour. And
 " this is to be expected. We
 " shall not be surprised to find
 " the French army advance to
 " the line of the Ebro. No-
 " thing more atrocious than
 " this can find its way into the
 " basest and most devoted of
 " the Journals over which the
 " Despots of the Continent have
 " command; and if we could
 " suppose that Ministers sub-
 " scribed to it, *all speculation*
 " *with regard to the part they*
 " *will take would at once be at*

" *an end.*—We are, indeed, afraid
 " *The Courier* is but too faithful
 " an interpreter of the sentiments
 " of those who support Ministers
 " We have always found them the
 " advocates and abettors of ty-
 " ranny, both abroad and at
 " home ; and indeed it is hardly
 " possible they should be other-
 " wise. When we consider what
 " sort of places the English Uni-
 " versities are, how completely
 " hostile they are to every thing
 " like liberality of sentiment, how
 " completely Toryism, of the very
 " worst description, has always
 " had possession of them, the
 " wonder with us is, how any por-
 " tion of the English Aristocracy
 " comes to acquire sentiments
 " favourable to freedom and good
 " government."

This I must not let go without
 a remark or two.—" The die is
 cast, and, contrary to expecta-
 tion," the Holy Fellows set the
 French on to invade Spain.—Yes,
 " contrary " to your expectation ;
 but, not contrary to mine and that
 of my readers! Mind that! We
 were prepared for all this: we
 did not believe your " informa-
 tion " about the *pacific disposition*
 of the Holy Tribe ; and, as to the
 anticipations of the *British Cabi-*
net, we knew, and we said, that

that Cabinet, having no money to
 give to the Holy Boys, had no
 business at Verona ; but had a
 good deal of business with a *fleet*
in the Bay of Biscay, or, rather,
 would have, if it had not a *debt*
 for the support of Gatton and Old
 Sarum.

The Chronicle says, that it
 " imagined that our Ministers'
 " efforts would have been more
 " successful ; that the British Go-
 " vernment is now despised by
 " the Allies ; or, that the Minis-
 " ters basely sacrifice our honour
 " and safety." Now, would the
 Chronicle have *lost* any thing in
 point of character if it had added:
 " We were wrong, certainly, in
 " expecting the efforts of our Mi-
 " nisters to be successful, and in
 " expecting any thing else than
 " that our Government would be
 " despised ; for, a *contemporary*
 " *print* proved to us, that the
 " efforts of our ministers would be
 " laughed at, and that they would
 " be of no more avail than the
 " song of a robbin red-breast."—
 It is not the Ministers who are to
 blame for disappointing the Chro-
 nicle : it is the Chronicle that has
disappointed itself.

The Chronicle never would
 answer me a word, when I asked
 it: " Do you wish the *Debt to be*
blown up ? " And, yet, this was

every thing; because I had proved, as clear as daylight, that the Ministers could not go to war *without blowing up the Debt*. And, this will be *their defence*. The Debt has said to the King of England: "*Thou shalt never go to war again as long as I am in existence.*" The Bourbons know this: the Russian knows this: the Austrian knows this: Jonathan knows this: and, if the Debt can be kept up till all the present farmers and landlords be swept away, I shall not be surprised to see the French take possession, coolly and quietly, of Guernsey and Jersey; nay, and demand repayment of the tribute-money of 1815. Yet the debt cannot be got rid of without danger to *Gatton* and *Old Sarum*. Then, what are the Ministers to do? As sure as they are born, if they touch the debt, *Gatton* and *Old Sarum* go; and, on the other hand, if they be touched, the debt goes; and both must go in case of war. So that here we are, as neatly fixed as "*Waterloo Conquerors*" need to be!

To say the truth, this event is most auspicious to England. *I wish the French success in Spain*: not *final* success: but, I wish them success enough to give *Gatton* and *Old Sarum* another shake; and, if the Chronicle cannot see *how* it will shake them, I can. If we lose Guernsey and Jersey and *Gatton* and *Old Sarum* along with them, it will be an excellent loss.

WM. COBBETT.

MR. COBBETT

Will dine with the Farmers at GUILDFORD on Saturday, the 15th of the present Month.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 23d November.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat	39	0
Rye	19	7
Barley	28	9
Oats	19	4
Beans	26	2
Peas	28	11

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 23d November.

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat ..	5,487	for 11,612	14	9	Average, 42	3	
Barley ..	3,307 4,746	7	5	28	8
Oats ..	17,735 19,729	13	0	22	2
Rye ..	—	—	—	—	—	—
Beans ..	2,065 2,816	14	0	27	3
Peas ..	634 920	13	7	29	0

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Dec. 2d.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	8	to 3	8
Mutton	2	8	— 3	4
Veal	4	0	— 5	0
Pork	3	0	— 4	0
Lamb	0	0	— 0	0

Beasts ...	3,106	Sheep ...	19,900
Calves	160	Pigs	130

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	1	8	to 2	8
Mutton	1	8	— 2	8
Veal	3	0	— 4	8
Pork	2	4	— 3	8
Lamb	0	0	— 0	0

City, Dec. 5, 1822.

BACON.

The trade in this article is still very heavy.—26s. to 28s. on board are now asked; but the Dealers buy very sparingly. New, here, 28s. to 32s.; Old, *nominal*: none selling.

BUTTER.

We have this week to announce the stoppage of *one* of the speculators in this article, and that the *principal* one. This is what many expected would be the final result of the speculation; but few expected it so soon. The Gentleman whose misfortune we now mention, has been censured by some and ridiculed by others; but, in truth, though we think him blameable, we also think him hardly dealt by. From the moment that he was known to be buying, he was beset both by Agents and Principals, who pressed him with offers of goods in such quantities, that, before he had time to reflect on what he was doing, he was hurried on to that point from which he could not recede. If, therefore, he is chargeable with imprudence in buying, what can be said for those who were so imprudent as to sell to him, and who have been the loudest in condemning him? *Some of them* look as if they stood in need of an apology being made for them!—Notwithstanding the shock occasioned by this failure, so deep is the interest which some powerful men have in keeping up prices, that the Market is at this moment higher than when the failure was announced. Experience, however, instructs us that *keeping up prices*

does not cause the article *to be consumed*, or prevent its deteriorating in quality; and old Butter will not sell when new can be had cheap. Before the end of the present month the quantity will, probably, be equal to the whole of last year's importation.—Carlow, 78s. to 80s.—Belfast, 72s. to 74s.—Dublin, 69s. to 72s.—Waterford, 68s. to 70s.—Cork and Limerick, 68s. to 69s.—Dutch, 86s. to 92s.

CHEESE.

The Factors are endeavouring to cause an advance; but in London the trade is very dull. Old Cheshire, 60s. to 70s. New, 46s. to 56s. Double Gloucester, 46s. to 52. Single, 42s. to 48s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

Monday, DEC. 2.—Our Hop Market remains steady; good Bags and Pockets fully keeping their prices. The Duty is reported to be £198,358, old duty.

Maidstone, Nov. 28.—We have very little to notice this week respecting the Hop Trade, as the Markets keep falling off every day. The prices continue much the same for the good Bags and Pockets, but middling and ordinary ones are certainly lower, and have greater difficulty in finding purchasers.

Worcester, Nov. 23.—At our Market this day, 173 pockets of New and eight of Old Hops were weighed. Prices from 40s. to 65s.; and a few of fine samples as high as 70s. There is a brisk sale, and but few on hand.